

Memories and Behind-the-Scenes

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Summary: Another MWPP story that I wrote a while back, actually.

Some unseen events from PoA linking my interpretations of the two most commonly written-about events in the schooldays of MWPP.

Enjoy.

Memories and Behind-the-Scenes

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"You had better get on your hat, Dumbledore," Fawkes said sharply, looking out the window. "The children are arriving."

Dumbledore nodded absently, sticking a few more lemon drops in his pockets, when a knock at the door made him look up.

"Come in," he said.

The door swung open to reveal a haggard looking man in the black robes of Hogwarts. He was carrying a very dilapidated suitcase in one hand and quite a few more years on his back that Dumbledore remembered.

"Ah, yes, Professor Lupin," Dumbledore said, sticking the rest of the lemon drops in his pocket and motioning towards a chair. "Come in."

"Thank you, Headmaster, I'll only be a minute," Remus Lupin said, setting down the suitcase but remaining standing himself.

"It's been quite a while, Remus."

Lupin nodded, his expression tense. "Headmaster, were you aware that the Dementors were on the train?"

Dumbledore dropped the last lemon drop. He stared at the exhausted man. "On the train? With the students?"

"Yes."

"What were they doing on the train?"

"Looking for Sirius Black, I'd assume," Lupin said. "They gave Harry Potter a bit of a turn. Probably more than a few others, as well."

Dumbledore looked out the window at the approaching children, then at Fawkes. "He's all right?" he asked, meaning Harry.

"I gave him some chocolate and sent an owl ahead. Madam Pomfrey is waiting."

"Good, good." Dumbledore looked at Lupin intently. "So you've met Harry."

"I thought I was seeing a ghost," Lupin admitted. "He looks...well, almost exactly like James."

Dumbledore took in the lines on the young man's face and the way his tattered robes hung limply on him. "It's been quite a while, Remus," he repeated. It was hard to compare him to the boy he'd been not so long ago. "The years haven't been kind to you," he said absently, thinking of the man and his long-time friends: James Potter, Peter Pettigrew, Sirius Black. _James and Peter are dead, killed. And Sirius is an escaped convict. Only Remus is left. And that, only because I let him have the position of Defense-Against-the-Dark-Arts professor. If I hadn't...._

"Well, have they ever?" Lupin asked, flashing a quick grin that quite transformed his face.

It was the smile that brought Dumbledore back to the present. "True, true." He picked up his hat. "Well, we must get ready for the feast. You remember, of course....,"

"Headmaster, I have thought of almost nothing else for the past four days."

Dumbledore smiled and held open the door. "I'll join you shortly." As Lupin walked though, he added, "It's very good to see you again, Remus."

"And you, Professor. Thank you."

The door shut with a soft bang. Dumbledore turned back to his desk and looked around, trying to spot the fallen lemon drop.

"It's under your chair," Fawkes informed him.

"Ah, yes. Thank you," Dumbledore said from under his desk.

"Albus, you make sure you feed that boy," Fawkes said solemnly.

"Who? Remus?" Dumbledore asked, banging his head as he finally retrieved the candy.

"He looks like he's about to keel over. And it's not his time yet." Unconsciously repeating Ronald Weasley, he added, "It looks like one good hex would finish him off."

"Yes, well, from the sounds of it the train ride was rather exciting," Dumbledore said angrily. Then, he grew pensive. "Seeing him at the door gave me something of a turn. I almost expected to see James Potter and Sirius Black waiting outside, impatient for me to be done with him so they could run off to whatever mischief they were about to commit. It's rather tragic, is it not?"

"Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs," Fawkes said. "Those four were probably as bad as those Weasely twins you're so fond of bringing in here."

Dumbledore smiled somewhat sadly. "Not anymore, my friend."

"Well, only two are gone. I don't have much hope for the third. But time will tell what that does to the fourth."

"And there is always Harry Potter," Dumbledore said, retrieving his hat and plopping it on his head. "As Remus so kindly pointed out, he does look remarkably like his father. That can only do good."

"Time will tell," Fawkes repeated. "Now hurry up or you'll be late for the feast."

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"Falco harmonium," Remus said breathlessly. The picture swung open, and ignoring the curious look from the singing lady, he dashed inside to the Gryffindor common room.

He'd expected it to be empty. The lights were out, and it was far after midnight. He picked his way around the chairs and tables carefully, uncomfortably aware of the light from the waning (but still fairly round) moon that poured in from the window. Then, suddenly, he stopped. Whispers.

"You didn't!" a voice was exclaiming softly. "You could have gotten in big trouble, you know. You could have gotten detention, or worse! You could have gotten expelled! Even Dumbledore would kick you out of the school!"

Remus breathed a sigh of relief. The anxious voice was only Peter, not one of the other boys of the house. Careful to keep in the shadows, he crept through the room towards the sound of Peter's voice.

"Seriously, Sirius, you didn't," another voice said. This one, much more calm and capable sounding than Peter's, had an undertone of

humor in it. It was obviously James. "Did you?"

Someone burst out laughing. And that could only have been Sirius. "Of course not! But can you imagine the looks on the teachers' faces if I did? Tiridy would be in hysterics for weeks!"

The three boys were sitting at a table in the far back of the common room, away from both the entry door and the two doors that led to the dormitories. They had their books with them, but apparently they weren't working too hard. Remus backed up against the wall and silently glided towards the table. James caught sight of him when he was about two feet away from the backs of Peter and Sirius. Remus put a finger to his lips and grinned. He then pulled out a chair at the table in a swift and fluid motion, sat down, and asked, "So what is it that you were supposedly doing, Black?"

"Ahhh!" Peter screamed, falling backwards off his chair.

"Shhh!" James said, springing forward with Remus to help the fat boy back to his feet. Both of them, along with Sirius, were doubled over laughing.

"Sorry about that, Peter," Remus said as soon as the boy was situated again. "Didn't mean to make you fall over."

"Where did you apparate from?" Peter asked breathlessly, wheezing slightly with his asthma.

"The darkest reaches of the Black Lagoon," Remus intoned solemnly. "Where things dwell that can send your mind reeling into deepest despair and unquenchable madness. Where evil sorcerers live that delight in carving out your intestines and decorating the trees with them. Where only the bravest and most pure of heart (that earned a "Ha!" from Sirius) can ever hope to survive. I was looking for my Transfiguration homework."

"And the problem with that story would be the fact that everyone knows you are not pure of heart, and yet your sanity and entrails seem to be fairly intact," Sirius said, still chuckling. "Plus the absence of black lagoon sludge on your otherwise clean robes."

"Well, it was a pretty dry lagoon," Remus said. "Drought, you know."

"Where were you, though?" James asked. "We've been sitting out here waiting for you. There's a Quidditch match tomorrow and I need my beauty sleep."

"Dumbledore's," Remus said. "He needed to talk with me about something."

"It wasn't about that...that thing we did to Fawke's tail, was it?" Peter asked nervously.

"No. Speaking of which, it's still faintly green. He gave me fish eyes the entire time I was in there."

"Ha!" Sirius laughed. "Well, the old bird deserved it. By the way, where'd you learn to sneak around like that?"

Remus shrugged. "Don't know, exactly. Comes in handy every once and a while."

"Oh, sure. Handy. You almost gave me a heart attack," Peter said.

"Well, that would have been kind of convenient for you. You'd have gotten to go to the infirmary and spend the week in bed, instead of having to worry about this stupid test," James said.

"Test?" Remus asked, suddenly apprehensive. "What test? What class? Should I be studying?"

"Probably," Sirius said. "Although it is for Defense-Against-the-Dark-Arts, which you're actually good at. ("Unlike the rest of us," James added.) You didn't hear about it?"

"They must have announced it on a day I was...away," Remus said, relaxing only slightly. His monthly absences were getting harder and harder to deal with as the curriculum got more difficult. Not to mention harder to explain.

"Away," Sirius repeated, looking suddenly somber. He exchanged a look with James and Peter. "You seem to be away fairly often, my friend."

Remus slumped down a little in his seat. He reached across the table and grabbed James' Practice of Defending Onself Against the Arts of Darkness, Volume 3, and slid it in front of him. "So, what is this test on?" he asked, not meeting the others' eyes.

"Look, Remus, please don't change the subject," Peter said.

"Change it from what?" Remus asked nervously. The last thing he needed in the world was for these, his only friends, to find out his secret. If that happened....

"Remus, we know your mother isn't sick. We know that you're lying about where you disappear to every month," James said.

"And we also know that, wherever it is you go, and whatever it is you do while you're there, it's not pleasant," Sirius added.

"What...?" Remus asked, bewildered.

"You should see yourself in a mirror," Peter said. "You look horrible."

"Thanks," Remus said sardonically.

"Remus, you can trust us. You know that," James said. His wild black hair put his face into shadow. "We're worried. You disappear into the infirmary for days but come out looking ten times worse than when you've gone in. Why?"

Remus looked around the table. "I...I can't tell you," he blurted out.

The other three boys looked at each other. Imperceptibly, James nodded to Sirius.

"Then let_ us_ tell _you_," Sirius said.

"What?"

"We've been doing some research," Peter said. "Funny, how you always seem to disappear right around...."

"The full moon," James finished.

Remus shook his head, getting up from the table. "That's not true," he said, struggling to keep his voice calm. "That's just a coincidence; it...it doesn't say anything..." He backed away. "Look, it's late, I should be getting to bed..."

Sirius got up and walked over to him. "Remus, it's alright."

Remus shook his head, shrinking away slightly. "It doesn't say anything," he repeated. "We know you're a werewolf," Peter said bluntly, but not unkindly.

For one horrible second, Remus stared in horror at Peter with fire in his eyes. He glanced from James to Sirius, and the look on their faces confirmed the boy's words. He slumped against the wall, and Sirius and James stared at him, worried. Remus suddenly looked ancient, for his mere eleven years.

"So," he said, after a unbearable moment of silence. "What are you going to do?"

"What do you mean?" Sirius asked, confused.

Remus straightened slightly and ran a hand through his brown hair. "Well, you know. The whole, werewolf-monster thing. When you were doing all that research on lycanthropes you must have come across a section on how to destroy them. Us. Me."

"You think we would try to kill you?" James asked incredulously.

"That's what people have been trying to do my whole life, in one way or another," Remus said. He was startled, actually, by James' words. He'd thought that they would be afraid; tell the teachers, or worse yet, the other students. But of course, if they'd done that he would have known already.

"Remus, when you...change...you don't _try_ to hurt people, do you?" Sirius asked.

"That's the thing," Remus said. He grabbed a chair, straddled it, and momentarily put his head in his hands. "I don't have any control. I...well, the wolf, does horrible things and I can't do anything about it. Most of the time I don't even remember anything. It's like his mind takes over."

"Well, then it's not your fault," Sirius said logically. "Why should we kill you for something you have no control over?"

Remus looked up and stared at him, speechless.

"And besides, Dumbledore must know about it. Does he?" Peter asked.

"Well...yeah," Remus admitted. "That's why we were so surprised when I got the admission letter."

"There you have it then," Peter said. "I wouldn't want to get on Dumbledore's bad side for killing a student, would you? Even if the kid was a werewolf."

"Where do you go, exactly," James asked, "when it's the full moon? I mean, I don't think they'd let you wander around the grounds."

Remus laughed, but as his throat was somewhat choked, it came out sounding more like a bark. "The Shack. In Hogsmeade."

"But that place is haunted!" Peter exclaimed. "Did you see any of the ghosts?"

Remus shook his head. "There never were any ghosts there. It's haunted by me."

James and Sirius glanced at each other, then at him.

"But the screams...", Peter continued.

"Me," Remus said firmly.

"It must be pretty terrible," James said quietly. Remus just nodded once in confirmation, looking away.

"Well," Sirius said, clapping his hands and breaking the silence that had fallen. "We can't let you suffer alone. What are friends for, anyway?"

Remus looked at him suspiciously. "What exactly are you thinking? Or do I not want to know?"

Sirius reached over to the table and grabbed a book. It obviously wasn't a school book; it's thickness and age proved that.

"We filched this from McGonagal," James explained. "Thanks to my invisibility cloak."

"I told them they would get caught," Peter said. "But did they listen? No."

"And did we get caught?," James shot back. "No."

"I know it's in here somewhere," Sirius muttered, flipping through the pages. "Ah ha! Here." He handed the book to Remus, who stood up to take it.

On the page there was a picture of a man turning into a fox. And right below it, the title: Animagus. The art of turning oneself into an animal.

"We can't be with you as humans, so we'll do it this way," James

Severus Snape ran out of the building, onto the grounds. He looked around wildly. "This had better not be a trick, Black, or I'll tell Dumbledore!" He tripped over a rock and swore under his breath. "If you're not out here in five minutes I'm going back in!" he yelled.

"Miss me?" Sirius asked coldly, stepping out from the shadows of the building into the light of the rapidly setting sun.

"Sirius Black," Severus growled. He reached inside his robe and pulled out his wand. "Let's finish this here and now."

"Here and now, what an interesting choice of words. I think you've been reading too many Muggle stories," Sirius mocked, as he pulled out his own wand. "In any case, you're right. This shouldn't take too long."

"Of course I'm right," Severus shot back. "But not like you think."

"Are we just going to stand here and bandy about obscure insults, or are we going to get on with this?" Sirius asked.

"Well, it's your fault we're out here in the first place," Severus said, shivering as a slight breeze sprang up.

"Sure," Sirius said sarcastically. "It was me who decided to insult my own parents and attack myself right in the middle of Herbology."

Severus stepped forward angrily. "No, it was you that made a tiropod almost attack me!"

"Look, Snape, I hate you enough as it is. Let's just get this over with," Sirius said.

He raised his wand and was about to speak when a door slammed shut.

"_What was that_?" Severus whispered.

For a moment, Sirius looked surprised. He looked all around him; down at the ground, up at the twilight sky. He grinned and turned to Severus. "I don't know," he said. "Let's go find out."

He was off, sprinting across the grounds on his long legs. Severus hurried to catch up. "Is this....," he puffed, "...some kind of....trick?"

Sirius shook his head, breathing hard. "No trick....Snape." They rounded the corner of the building and stopped dead.

Standing before them, across the wide lawn, stood the Whomping Willow. The gigantic tree had been planted five years ago; when Severus was a first-year. It's long branches whipped and snarled as though the tree were a living beast. Only two years ago it had almost taken the eye off of a fourth-year. After that, no one was allowed to go near it. Except....there were two people hurrying across the lawn. In Hogwarts robes.

"Isn't that Madam Pomfrey?" Severus gasped, trying to catch his breath.

Sirius nodded, eyes glinting. "Watch."

The two figures approached the Willow. The smaller one, the one with Madam Pomfrey, seemed to be having trouble walking. He stumbled several times. As they got closer, the tree began waving more and more furiously, cackling in the air. Then, suddenly....it stopped. Madam Pomfrey and the other person rounded the other side of the trunk and were gone. As if a switch had gone off, the tree snapped into life again.

"How?" Severus whispered.

But Sirius was inching forward. "Come on," he said, looking back. "I'll show you."

Curious, Severus ran after him, across the grass. They reached the Willow, only to be stopped by the branches. Severus recoiled back sharply, remembering the games he'd played in his younger years, trying to see who could get close enough to touch the trunk. He still had the scar.

Sirius didn't even seem to be interested in the tree. He walked around, bent over double.

"What are you doing?" Severus asked, irritated.

"I'm looking for...this!" Sirius said, straightening. In his hand was a long, strong stick. He walked forward with it extended.

"Black..." Severus said nervously, backing away. But Sirius walked past him, dodging a particularly long branch that whipped past his head. He turned.

"Here," he said, handing Severus the stick. "You see that knot, on the tree? Press it with the stick. That's what Madam Pomfrey did; it makes the thing freeze."

Hesitantly, Severus took the stick. With a shaking hand, he poked it past the branches to the trunk. A little lower....he thrust on the stick hard, and to his amazement the bark of the tree gave way! And suddenly...the thrashing stopped.

"How did I do that?" Severus asked, turning to Sirius. But the other boy wasn't there.

"Quick, Snape, over here!" Sirius called from the other side of the trunk. Dropping the stick he walked around the massive tree.

"What...?" Snape stopped in mid-sentence. There, in the wood, was an opening in the trunk. The light of the full moon shown dimly through the still branches, illuminating a dark tunnel. Ever-so-faintly, Severus could hear the sounds of footsteps. He leaned forward; if he strained he could almost hear the sound of Madam Pomfrey's voice.

"I wonder what's down there," Sirius said, whispering in Severus'

ear. "Tell you what. I'll call off the duel...if you go see."

"Are you mad?" Severus snapped, whirling around. "Who knows what could be down there?! Ghosts...monsters....,"

"Oh, you've been spending too much time in Care of Magical Creatures and Defense- Against-the-Dark-Arts," Sirius said, leaning against the trunk. Suddenly, his face lit up. "What if there's treasure down there? You could be famous, Snape, famous!"

"Yeah right," Severus muttered, but already he was imagining himself with armfuls of gold. And Dumbledore, beaming. And the Minister of Magic, awarding him, Severus, a medal with the words _Order of Merlin, First Class_ engraved on it. Severus S. Snape, youngest wizard ever to be given such an honor. But..., "Madam Pomfrey's down there. With that other guy."

"Who do you think it is?" Sirius asked.

Severus shrugged. "Who knows? Look, lets just get out of here and...."

Suddenly a scream tore through the air, faint but clearly agonized. It was coming from the stairway.

"What was that?" Snape whispered, his voice suddenly gone.

Sirius had an odd expression on his face. He muttered something under his breath, and turned to face Severus. "Look, I'm going to go get help. Snape, you stay here. The tree's going to start up again as soon as I leave, so you're going to _have_ to go down there..."

"Are you insane? I'm not...."

"Do you want to loose your head?" Sirius snapped. "Didn't think so. I'll be right back. Look, you go ahead now and I'll stay for a minute up here. If you run into trouble just yell."

With a quick, sudden movement he shoved Severus in the back. The boy stumbled forward, through the door in the tree and onto the into. He looked back, startled and angry, but Sirius only made a 'go ahead' motion with his hands. Resolute, with the image of the Order of Merlin in his mind, Snape began to descend.

He didn't see Sirius' grin.

Step by step, Severus descended into the blackness. "_Lumos_," he muttered, pulling out his wand, and a blue light appeared on the end. All around him was a tunnel, with plain earth walls. The roots of the Whomping Willow stuck out from the sides, and Severus had to watch where he put his feet to keep from tripping. There was another scream, louder and deeper this time. Closer. Much closer.

"Come on, Remus, we're almost there." It was Madam Pomfrey, and she was just around the bend of the tunnel! Snape could see her shadow on the wall, cast by a yellow light. And with her, was the shadow of a boy. No, of a...

"Aahhmmmp!" Snape screamed. A hand around his mouth muffled the sound.

"Shut up!" James Potter whispered harshly in his ear. The hand not around Severus' mouth clutched a wand. He slowly moved backwards, away from Madam Pomfrey; back up the tunnel. Snape went with him willingly, happy to get away. What he'd seen...

Only after they'd reached the top of the stairs and stepped out of the tree did James let Severus go. The boy dashed forwards, out of the reach of the Willow's branches. He didn't stop running until he'd crossed the yard and had his back against the reassuringly firm wall of the castle.

"My God, Sirius, what did you think you were doing?" James yelled from behind him. Severus whirled just in time to see James grab Sirius by the front of his robe and shake him. Even though Sirius was almost a head taller, James' anger gave him the advantage. "What did you think you were doing?" he yelled again, but softly.

Sirius pushed him off. "It was just a joke, James....,"

"_Just a joke_?" James asked, incredulous. "A **joke**? Do you know what he could have seen? Do you know what he could have done if I hadn't stopped him?!"

"Oh, come on, James, Madam Pomfrey would've stopped him. And beside, I didn't think he'd be brave enough to get that..." Suddenly, Sirius' face turned ashen and he looked at Severus. "Oh God," he whispered, looking sick.

Severus stared at him, then at James. "You knew," he accused, feeling sick himself. "You knew what was down there. You sent me down that tree after a werewolf!" he screamed. Ignoring the horrified looks on the boys' faces, he went on angrily. "My G-d! Lupin, a...you knew! I could have been killed! I could have been bitten and you thought it was a joke! Well, bloody funny, Black, bloody funny! Was he in on this too? Remus Lupin, a werewolf!"

"Yes, Remus Lupin, a werewolf."

All three boys turned sharply at the sound of Madam Pomfrey's voice. She stood there on the grass, the moon making her dark hair shine. Her face was so angry...

"Madam Pomfrey, I..., " Sirius began.

"Don't tell me," Madam Pomfrey snapped, her voice like steel. "I heard the entire thing, Mr. Black. What you have done goes beyond anything I would have expected even you to be capable of. And Mr. Potter, letting him get that far! And you!" she said, turning to Severus.

"I...I..., " he stuttered, trembling.

"I don't know whether to hug you or slap you across the face. Didn't you suspect something was wrong when you heard...?" She stopped, frowning. She turned to look at James and Sirius. "You two go to your rooms. I'll deal with you later," she snapped.

James and Sirius backed away towards the door leading into Hogwarts. Severus could hear James muttering to Sirius angrily. He doubted it

was about their sentence.

"Severus," Madam Pomfrey said, bringing Severus back to his own predicament sharply.

"Yes ma'am?" he asked.

"Mr. Snape, I know I don't need to explain to you how complicated this situation is. The Headmaster knows about Remus Lupin's...condition, as do the rest of the faculty. However, it is of utmost importance that the rest of the school does not know."

"You're swearing me to secrecy?" Severus asked, his voice quivering. He had been withing two feet of a fate almost worse than death and Madam Pomfrey was telling him never to say anything?

"Yes, I suppose you can put it that way. Now, I'm not going to take this to Dumbledore. He's got too much to worry about right now, what with You-Know-Who. But if that's what it takes, I will. You will keep silent about this."

"But...", Severus stammered. "He's a werewolf! He shouldn't be allowed..."

"An education, Mr. Snape?" Madam Pomphrey asked. Her voice was icy again. "In case you hadn't noticed, Mr. Lupin is a human being for 27 days out of a month. He did not choose to undergo lycanthropy. It is a situation entirely out of his control, and people such as yourself seem to forget that. Dumbledore agrees with me in that he has a right to live the same as other young people. Being a werewolf in this world is...not easy." Her voice softened. "It is entirely safe, Severus. However, I suggest you not visit the Willow again, and speak of this to no one. Now, go back to bed where you belong."

Severus turned to the door, then back to Madam Pomfrey. "But what about Black and Potter? Aren't you going to punish them? I mean, I could have gotten killed!" Although he could reconcile himself with the fact that he couldn't tell anyone about his narrow escape, the fact that the culprits would go unpunished was unbearable.

"I believe Mr. Potter and Mr. Black are punishing themselves enough as it is. And as for you, Mr. Snape...bed!"

Obediently, Severus hurried back to the door and into the castle.

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Severus Snape looked up from the potion he was mixing at the sound of a knocking on the door. Carefully placing the bubbling beaker in a holder, he swept some of the ingredients out of sight before snapping, "Come in."

Remus Lupin stepped into the room, looking decidedly uncomfortable. "Ah, hello Snape."

Snape glanced at him, taking in the ragged robes and tired posture. He sighed inwardly. "Why Lupin, what a...pleasant surprise. I believe I saw you at the feast."

"Yes. You seemed rather...disturbed," Lupin said. He looked around the dungeon, his eyes finally resting on Snape himself. The two stared at one another distastefully.

"So you finally managed to get a job, I see," Snape said, breaking the silence. "From the...state of your robes I gather that you have not had many."

He was pleased to see that that statement earned the familiar glare. Yes, old Lupin hadn't changed much at all.

"You know, you're the third person in as many years to have this position," he continued. "Defense-Against-the-Dark-Arts. Some people are saying it's cursed."

"Surprising Dumbledore didn't give it to you, old boy," Lupin shot back, uncharacteristically sharp. "From what I've heard from the students, you're not a very accommodating teacher. I should think he'd be glad to be rid of you."

Snape walked around his desk, picking up the potion. "And who exactly was it that you were talking to?"

"Harry Potter, for one."

"Ah, yes, little Mr. Potter," Snape sneered. "I believe that you will find him to be...well, quite like his father. A lying, sniveling little brat that likes to swagger around about the fact that he supposedly 'defeated' You-Know-Who and has some minor talent on the Quidditch field. Exactly like James, really."

"I believe you and I may have a differing opinion on that," Lupin said quietly. "I'd assume you met him on the train. You don't seem to be able to afford a car."

"No," Lupin said shortly.

"What a pity," Snape said, falsely sympathetic. He reached for a large mug sitting on a shelf and poured the potion into it. "I'll also assume that you didn't walk all the way down here to say hello."

Lupin shook his head. "Dumbledore informed me that you had a certain potion I might find useful."

The two men stared at one another. It was obvious that neither would have said a single word to the other if it hadn't been for the Headmaster's urging. Snape handed over the potion.

"A tame werewolf," he sneered. "We'll see how long this lasts, Lupin. The parents of our students would never approve."

"Perhaps, but what they don't know can't hurt them. And as I recall you are still bound to your oath of silence," Lupin said, reminding Snape of that night all those years ago. Madam Pomfrey had taken him to Dumbledore, just to be on the 'safe' side. And no wizard goes back on their oath without a very good reason.

"We'll see how long this lasts," Snape repeated.

